

Trick or Treat, Mom

Halloween treats: Turn your costumes into a reality!

What?

I stared hard at the words, wondering if I had misread them. When I came into the candy store to bulk buy candy for my Halloween party tonight, I expected something more like sour patches, M&M's, or snickers. Not whatever this was.

"It's our bestseller."

I flinched. It sounded as if someone was standing right behind me. Whirling around, I came face to face with an elderly gentleman who really needed some grooming advice. His white patchy beard, thick mustache, and black beady eyes didn't do him any favors except for putting me at edge.

Why was he so close to me? And more importantly, how did I not notice him sneaking up on me?

I was usually observant of my surroundings, but I guessed the weird labeling of the Halloween candy caught me off guard.

"What?" I sneaked a quick glance around, but the store was empty. "What did you say?"

"The candy." He smiled at me. I expected crooked teeth, but his oral hygiene was surprisingly decent. "We only have one left in stock."

He waved at the candy behind me and I looked back at them, just realizing that the sweets were divided into sections. Schoolgirls candy, nurse candy, cheerleader candy, slut candy, witch candy. All of them were empty except for the single bar left at the far end.

The maid candy.

Above it, showed a poster with a blonde woman wearing a skimpy maid uniform, bending down and dusting a coffee table.

I looked back at the old man. He was grinning at me, and I took a hesitant step backwards.

“You better snatch it up before someone else does,” he told me. The man had an odd accent. A mix between American and something middle eastern. “A young man like you deserves a beautiful woman to do your every bidding.” He cleared his throat. “For a price, of course.”

What the hell was he talking about?

“I...” I shook my head. “Sorry, I don’t understand.”

He nodded at the last candy bar. “Buy it and all doubts will be cleared.”

Was this some kind of pushy sales tactic? Was he the owner of the store? If it was some aggressive pitch, then it was working, because all I wanted to do was get out of the store—whatever the cost was.

“H-How much is it?”

“Three hundred dollars.”

“Three hundred—” I laughed. Clearly this was a joke. “Three hundred?”

“That’s the discounted price,” he said. “For you. I remember when I was young and desperate for pussy.” His beady eyes burned a trail up and down my frame before he shook his head, as if he was disappointed in me. “Clearly you need some.”

What the fuck?

“This...” I pointed to the candy bar, wondering if we were talking about the same item. “This is three hundred dollars?”

“A thousand normally,” he told me. “But for you—three hundred. It’s a steal. The effects last twenty-four hours.” He gave me another creepy smile. “Three hundred dollars for one very memory night with a beautiful maid who will do whatever you desire.” His smile widened, and he emphasized the last few words with a choked laugh, making me grimace. “Whatever you desire, boy.”

I frowned at the mention of 'boy.' I was already eighteen. A fully grown man. But considering his age, anyone under fifty was probably a 'boy' to him.

"So what do you say?" He stepped closer, and I backed off, bumping into the shelves. "Deal?"

"Okay." The word rushed out of me in fear. What was going on? This was the most aggressive sales pitch ever.

"Good!" he boomed, snatching the last candy bar from the tray and limping away, rounding over to the cash register at the front of the tiny store.

I eyed the exit. I could just bolt out of here and not lose three hundred dollars. Why did I even say yes?

"Boy?" He called out to me.

Shit. Whatever.

Sighing, I walked towards him, fishing out my wallet and hesitantly counting out an ungodly amount of money. He snatched the bills from my hands the moment I finished counting and recounted them, muttering numbers under his breath.

Satisfied that he stole away a week's worth of my wages, he handed me a small blue plastic bag with the lone candy bar inside it.

I just got scammed. The words rang in my head as I retrieved the bag and hurried out of the store. *I just got fucking scammed.*

Three hundred dollars.

What was I thinking?

I had set a budget of two hundred when I left the house. I was supposed to be carrying bags of candy, and here I was, with a stupid bar that looked like a Snickers knock off.

I just hoped the guests brought enough candy of their own to satisfy everyone.

I didn't stop walking, rummaging inside the plastic bag and taking out the dark brown candy bar. 'Maid bar' was written in bold, blue lettering inside a white box—exactly like a snicker's bar.

Fuck.

Fuck. Fuck!

Three hundred dollars.

I unlocked my car, ducking inside and slamming the door shut. Heaving out a heavy sigh, I raised the bar over my eyes to study it closer. They weren't even calories or even the ingredients listed on the back.

They were just...

Instructions?

I read the words aloud.

The effects of the maid bar last 24 hours. Be warned: the maid bar should be used for entertainment purposes only. Overdosing can lead to permanent personality changes. Fun treats do not assume liability for adverse reactions or permanent personality changes to products consumed.

Permanent... personality changes?

I just fell victim to what must be the stupidest scam in human history. What the fuck was wrong with me?

Anger burned within me. But a lethal mixture of shame and embarrassment were thrown into the mix, and I felt like crap throughout the quick trip back home.

What was I going to tell my friends when they realized the lack of candy at the party? A Halloween themed event should have an abundance of treats, alcohol, and craziness. Take away one and all that was left was a lame social affair—just with everyone dressed up in costumes.

Rolling to a stop in my driveway, I stepped out of my car and plod towards the front door, unlocked it, and tossed the plastic bag onto the living room couch.

The stupid blue thing was a reminder of a three hundred dollar hole in my pocket. I never wanted to see it again.

“Nathan?” My mother’s voice rang from upstairs.

Heels clicked, and a moment later, she appeared at the top of the stairs, dressed in an ungodly tight emerald cocktail dress. The silky green material stretched and strained over her humongous tits and swelled out over a bouncy, round ass.

Holy. Shit.

“Did you get the goods you wanted?” she asked.

“Yeah,” I muttered, looking away before I started salivating.

“So... the party’s confirmed? Your friends will come over at 7?”

“Yeah.”

“Don’t mess up the place,” she warned. “I’ll be dining with my friends at The Aviary tonight till late.”

I grunted. ‘The Aviary’ was a fancy Italian restaurant in the central part of town. Apparently, the tech company my mother was working at was hosting a dinner celebration for Halloween. No themed costumes.

“So... what do you think?” My mother did a little twirl for me. I snapped my gaze towards her, and my jaw dropped when I realized her back was fully exposed except for a thin green strap barely holding everything together. “Does green suit me?”

“Uh...” I couldn’t speak. Couldn’t think. I nodded instead.

Holy fuck.

“Good.” She tossed me a dazzling smile that had my knees dissolving to jelly.

I gripped the stair’s railing for support while she stepped down, breezing past me. I had to bite down my lip to prevent the groan from clawing out of my throat when I caught a delicious whiff of her sweet, fruity perfume.

My mother's laughter broke me out of my trance. Apparently her stomach had growled, but I didn't catch it. "Sorry, I'm already starving. Mind if I steal one of the candy bars you bought?"

"No," I quickly said with so much force it got a raised eyebrow from my mother.

"I mean—" Excuses whirled around in my mind, but none of them would work. My mother was smart and she would immediately catch on if I was lying. "Yeah, sure. There's one on the couch."

"Only one?" She walked over to the couch and picked up the blue plastic bag, taking out the lone bar. A frown crossed her flawless features as she read the bar.

"Weird name," she muttered, but tore off the wrapping and took a tiny bite out of the bar.

I was about to ask how the candy tasted, but her eyes lit up and she took a larger bite. Then another. Soon, she was licking chocolate off her fingers.

"Mmm." My mother looked at me, her eyelids fluttering. "That was delicious. Are you sure you don't have more?"

"N-No"

It tasted good? Mom was an extremely picky eater, so hearing that from her was surprising, especially since she hated snickers—or most candy bars, really.

"Shame." She looked at her watch, then gasped, jolting up to attention. "Okay. I got to go!" She hurried to the door and threw me a backhanded wave. "Bye."

"Bye."

Bending down and picking up the discarded wrapper from the coffee table, I read the instructions one more time before shrugging and tossing it to the bin.

Time to prepare for the party. I walked upstairs and headed to my room. I had picked out a simple costume since I knew that if I thought too hard about it, I would end up with unnecessary stress. This year, it was a bright red jumpsuit, finished with a white mask that had a mustache on it—the money heist costume.

It was lame, I know, but I didn't want to dwell on decisions.

I had an hour to prepare everything, so I quickly jumped into my costume and was about to head downstairs when somebody knocked on my door. I stilled. I was home alone. My mind immediately jumped to two conclusions.

Number one. Burglars.

And number two. Ghost. Fitting for Halloween day.

As I debated which one it was, my mother's voice floated into the room.

"Sweetie, it's me."

Mom? She was supposed to be out, and why was she talking to me like that? Her voice was unusually high pitched, and extra feminine—she was talking as if she was a little girl.

"Mom? I said, confused, walking forward and opening the door. "What—"

The words died on my tongue. Standing in front of me... my mother was...

She was...

Wearing the sexiest fucking outfit I have ever seen. She had changed out of her emerald dress but was wearing something far, *far* better.

My mother was wearing a maid's uniform.

No. A maid's uniform wasn't accurate. It was mostly just underwear. A sexy black lace bra hugged her enormous tits and a frilly white apron was adorned over a garter belt, holding up matching black lace thigh highs.

I wasn't blind; I always knew my mother was attractive. But I have never once in my life thought about her sexually.

But right then, I wanted to bend her over my bed and fuck her until my balls were dry. Then fuck her again and again and again.

“Mom?” I staggered back, feeling like my jaw was on the floor. “Is—I thought—what?” Shaking my head, I raised my hands in a ‘what the fuck?’ gesture. Because, seriously, what the fuck?

After staring some more, I finally managed out coherent words. “Is... is this your Halloween costume? I—I thought your dinner didn’t require costumes.”

She tossed me a grin, but it wasn’t her usual motherly smile. It was... flirtatious?

“No, it isn’t my costume,” she purred. “It’s my uniform.”

“Uniform?” I shook my head. My hands were still in the air. “For... what?”

Her smile slipped. She sighed and stepped into the room, closing the door behind her. I watched her as she stood in front of me, hands clasped, head bowed low.

“I was walking to the car,” my mother began. “When I thought of something.”

“Thought of what?”

“That I’m such a terrible mother to you. That I should have done more.”

“I mean...” Where was this going? “I think you’re doing a good enough job.”

“No, sweetie.” My mother looked up at me, then did the most unexpected thing ever. She lowered herself to her knees. “I can do more. I can help you with the preparations for your party. I could serve the guests.” Her dark eyes zeroed in on mine. “I can serve *you*.”

Serve... me?

The chocolate bar. The maid bar. Was it—

No, it couldn’t be real. This had to be Mom messing with me, but my mother never pulled a prank. It was so out of character for her, and there was no way she would attempt a gag when she had an important dinner to attend to.

That only meant one thing.

The old man wasn't bullshitting. I had spent three hundred dollars and accidentally turned my mother into my personal maid for twenty-four hours.

It was an insane thought. That couldn't be true, could it?

I looked down at my kneeling mother. Only one way to find out.

"Mom..." I breathed the word out. My voice was so unusually deep, and my heart was battering so hard, I couldn't hear anything but my thunderous heartbeats. "Suck my cock."

NO! NO! NO! That wasn't what I meant. The words just flew out of my lips! I didn't—

"Yes, of course." My mother didn't react to my words, treating it as if she had heard that sinful command a thousand times. She blinked her lashes at me. "*Master.*"

Master. The word felt so wrong coming from my mother's lips.

But the word rolled off her tongue so naturally. It was as if she was born to call me that.

Mom reached for my pants, but I stepped out of reach.

"No," I panted. "No—Wait."

My mother froze in place.

"Wait, you were..." My head was spinning. "You were actually going to do it?"

She frowned and tilted her head. Her lush black waves covered her face, but through the black strands, I could tell she was looking at me as if I just asked a stupid question. "Of course. I know we have never done anything like this before, but if Master wishes for something, then his Mommy maid obeys."

"Are you serious?" I looked down at my obvious erection. It looked so stupid under my red jumpsuit. "You were actually going to give me... you know."

She blinked. "Of course. A maid's duty is to obey her Master."

I stayed silent for a while, staring hard at her. She was serious. I could see it in her eyes. My own dear mother was actually going to suck me off.

And the worst part?

I wanted it. Badly.

“Okay... okay...,” I breathed, backing out until I could perch myself on the edge of my bed. “Then... suck me off.”

She purred, crawling forward, her tits swaying beneath those tight black lace. Fuck, she was beautiful. My mother was in her thirties but she had a flawless complexion, a toned body, and crazy curves. She was at the height of her beauty. The thought of receiving my first blowjob from this Goddess had me groaning—and she hadn’t even touched me yet.

My mother reached me and shot me a soft, seductive smile as she pulled down the zipper of my jumpsuit, leaving me with just my underwear.

“Mom, I—Fuck!”

I sucked in a breath as she grabbed my erection, massaging my throbbing cock through my boxers. She seemed adept at this, her skillful fingers gliding along my length with practiced mastery, making me groan and leak so much pre-cum, my boxers were growing damp.

“Shh, baby,” my mother whispered, her voice low and throaty. “Let your Mommy maid take care of you. I live to serve your every desire, and if you crave sexual satisfaction...” Her smile grew, and she winked. “... then I’m more happy to comply.”

I reached over and cupped her breasts. Mom closed her eyes, a low moan rolling off her pink lips as I kneaded those soft, plump globes of sex through her black laced bra.

Her fingers left my cock, sliding over to her back, where she tried to unclasp her bra.

“No, stop!” I demanded, shocking even myself.

Her hands froze, and she opened her eyes, her expression unreadable, her dark pupils darting between mine that were identical to hers.

“Keep your bra on,” I told her. I couldn’t keep her expression, but I continued, not being able to stop myself. I was so fucking turned on, and I wanted to lose my virginity to my own mother. “I want you in uniform. Always. Even when I’m fucking you.”

What the fuck was I saying?

I half expected my mother to reel back in shock or even slap me for saying such crude words. She was my mother, not my personal bitch. She deserved respect.

But instead of getting infuriated, a high-pitch giggle burst through her lips, and she clamped her hand around her mouth.

“Sweetheart....” *Giggle*. “I... I didn’t know you could talk like this.” Dropping her hand, she went back to my cock, playfully circling over my cockhead with her thumb.

“You have grown so much, baby. The last time I saw you. She shook her head and let out another girly giggle as she recalled back memories. “You’re... a man now.” Her dark eyes gleamed with an expression I never thought I’d see from my own mother.

Desire.

The expression looked so wrong on her, but all I could do was moan as she felt me up.

“But how big have you really grown? Let Mommy take a peek.”

She hooked her thumb under the hem of boxers, then pulled down. I helped her, dropping my hands from her magnificent tits and lifting my hips, springing my cock free.

My eyes widened as I saw myself. I have never seen myself this big. And hard. And throbbing like crazy. I was leaking so much pre-cum everywhere, it was as if I was cumming, but she still hadn’t touched me yet. Not really. Not skin-to-skin contact.

“Oh my...” My mother clamped her hand over her mouth, her eyes widening as she gawked at my throbbing erection. “Oh my. You... you have really grown so much.” She growled. “I don’t know if it can fucking fit my mouth.”

Fucking. My mother never cursed. Never. The fact that she said the word so casually just proved that this wasn’t her. That the maid bar had completely altered her personality.

This wasn't my mother.

This was my maid. My personal bitch.

My Mommy maid.

"It will." I hissed out as her fingers gripped my cock. There it was. Skin-to-skin contact. My mother had broken a barrier that would never be repaired. We weren't just mother-son anymore, but something else entirely.

Her hand felt so fucking warm, and as her hand closed around my throbbing length, a bolt of ecstasy ripped through me. I cried out before clamping my mouth shut, trying my hardest not to pre-ejaculate. Not until I was inside her mouth. Then her cunt.

All of this felt so wrong, but why did it also feel so fucking good?

I watched with half-closed eyes as my mother dipped forward, her lips inching closer and closer to my cock...

And then—

FUCK!

"Oh, fuck!" My hips flexed. A groan tore out of me. "FUCK!"

I wasn't even inside her yet. All she did was plant a warm, wet kiss on the base of my cock. But her lips felt so fucking soft. Warm. Wet.

Heavenly.

My mother giggled like a schoolgirl. "Oh my god. You're leaking so much." She planted one last kiss on my cock before drawing back, her fingers replacing her lips, sliding up, then down. Up again. She was pumping me. My own mother was giving me a handjob!

Holy shit.

"Let me have a taste, baby..." she cooed, her eyes fixated on all the pre-cum pooling around my tip. She chewed her plump bottom lip. "May I have a taste?"

“Mom...” I gasped. Was this a dream? Was I dreaming? I couldn’t be. Her voice felt so real. Her hands were definitely real. “Of course. G-Go ahead. Go.”

Another bright smile that showed off her perfect whites. My mother looked so happy, and she should be because she was going to make me, her son—*her Master*—a very, very content man.

I watched with wide eyes as my mother used her free hand to cup my balls, kneading and pinching my scrotum. I sucked in a rush of breath, groaning out my pleasure. It should be obvious, but having your mother jerking you off was a million times better than doing it yourself.

And my mother clearly had a multitude of experiences. She knew *exactly* how to jerk off a man. Her hand was effortlessly and confidently gliding along my throbbing length, her other hand kneading my balls with the right amount of pressure, sending me reeling with pleasure, my head spinning from all the overwhelming sensations.

Then my mother dipped her head forward, tongue extended, and she did a quick little flick across my tip, gathering up all the pre-cum pooling there.

“Wow...” My mother looked at me, and by the way her eyes lit up, I knew she loved it before she even said a word. “You taste delicious, baby. So salty. Mmm...”

“Good,” I grunted, feeling woozy from all my blood rushing in between my legs. Fucking hell, I was so hard. “Now take me down your throat.”

“So demanding,” my mother giggled. “But how could I disobey a direct command from my baby?” She licked her lips, her smile nothing short of an erotic invitation. “My Master.”

Mom nodded at the bed. “Lay down. Let Mommy take care of you.”

There was a desperate tinge to her voice. It sounded as if she needed to obey my command, that she *needed* to suck my cock.

Exhaling, I slowly leaned backwards until I was flat on the bed, my mind whirling at a hundred miles an hour. This was not what I expected when I woke up this morning.

Everything was happening way too fast and nothing was making sense. My breathing was ragged and strained. I felt like I couldn't breathe even though my heavy pants filled the room.

Mom was breathing heavily too. I couldn't see her, but I could hear her ragged inhales and exhales morphing in with mine as she continued pumping me, playing with my balls, and then—

Wetness.

“Oh—FUCK!” I arched my back off the mattress as heat engulfed my cock.

“So big...” Her words were slurred. Cock-gagged. I stretched her lips apart, going deeper down my mother's mouth. Her saliva coated all around my cock, wrapping me with a thin layer of warmth. “Mmm. So fucking delicious.”

“Mom...”

She was still pumping me with fervor, and I was trying to hold back my impending orgasm. It took all of my fucking willpower, but somehow I did.

If I was going to have my first sexual experience, I needed it to be a memory of a lifetime. I didn't want to just detonate in her mouth. I had to explode deep down her throat and fill up her stomach.

I lifted my head to look at her, and god... it was a captivating sight. My mother, with her dark hair a mess around her, my cock halfway inside her mouth, one of her hands eagerly pumping me, the other stretched wide, kneading both my heavy balls.

Her tongue sizzled a path along the underside of my cock, sending teasing heat all around me, causing my muscles to twitch and quake. Then my mother drew back, working my ridge instead, lapping up every single drop of pre-cum that came oozing out in hot spurts.

I didn't need to have a blowjob before to know this was top tier stuff. How many cocks had she sucked? I have never seen my mother with a man before, but her skills clearly remained, and I was the luckiest man alive to be the sole recipient of her hidden talent.

“MMHM!” My mother pushed her head down deeper and I flexed my hips forward at the same time, feeding her more of my cock. She dropped her hand and gagged for a moment, spluttering around my length before recomposing herself, accepting more inches until her lips were pressed tightly against my balls.

Now both of her hands were on my balls. She squeezed me and then it was all over.

With a roar, I reached for her, fisting her hair, pumping my hips forward, and it seemed like I went down her throat even further. Days of pent-up sexual frustrations were released in an unstoppable torrent, exploding down her throat.

“MHMM! MHMMM!” Wet gags and loud splutters filled up the air. My mother tried to back away, but I held her down onto my cock, feeding her a tsunami of fresh cum until I felt her violently shudder. “MHMMMMMMMMM!”

“FUCK! MOOOOOOOOOM!” I let go of her and she jerked away from my cock. I thought that was that, but my mother, being the amazing maid she was, took hold of my spasming cock in her hands, then continued jerking me off.

I was still shooting hot ropes of cum, and it all splattered onto my mother’s face. She smiled through the onslaught, pumping me, her mouth wide open, taking in more cum as I unloaded everything I had onto her.

By the time I was done, globs of cum were drooping down her thick lashes, and her face was a thick, white mask.

I sat up, blinking through the dizziness, trying to recover from what might be the best orgasm of my life, all because another person brought it to me.

My own mother.

She was a fucking hot sight, but I couldn’t seem to tell her that because my tongue seemed to have stopped functioning. All I could do was heave breaths, trying to recompose myself.

Slowly, as if in a dream, my mother scooped each blob of semen off her face, redirecting all the cum into her mouth. She swallowed.

“Did you enjoy that, Master?” she purred, blinking at me.

“On... on the bed,” I spat out, finally managing coherent words. “On the fucking bed. I’m going to fuck you.”

“Yesssss!” My mother’s cum-stained face lit up with happiness. Her uniform was splattered with my seed too. God, she was a gorgeous sight. My mother crawled on the bed ahead of me, before thrusting her ass right in my face.

She wasn’t wearing any underwear, so I could see her soaked, leaking pussy and tight, puckered asshole.

What. The. Fuck.

I was probably looking at the most gorgeous sight in existence. I was frozen in place, unable to bolt my body into action and do the one thing that was at the forefront of my thoughts ever since I saw her wearing that slutty maid uniform: Fuck her. Breed her. All I could do was sit there and stare and stare at drenched perfection.

“Master?” My mother swayed her ass from side to side. “What are you waiting for? I—”

Knock. Knock.

I drew in a shuddering breath. My mother gasped.

We both looked at each other.

Knock. Knock.

Shit. The party. I had completely forgotten I was hosting a Halloween party.

“Master...” My mother’s sexy whispers only served to drive me up the wall. I had just blown my load down her throat, yet I was dying to sink into her drenched pussy hole and lose my virginity to the most beautiful woman alive. “What do we do?”

Even though my mind was a whirl of emotions and crazy thoughts, I quickly formulated a plan.

“Go and wash your face. Tidy up your hair. Then come down and serve the guest.”

People would surely give my mother looks for her ‘costume’—it was way too sexy and degrading—and it would be weird for her to be in the party since she was at least ten years everyone’s senior. But nobody would press the issue. She would eventually fit in with all the craziness that was bound to happen.

“Yes, Master.” She got off the bed, and was halfway towards the door, when she stopped, turning around.

“My uniform, Master.” She gestured to the white stains around her bra and apron. “I don’t have a spare. Should I change out of this to something more suitable?”

Knock. Knock. Knock.

The answer came to me immediately.

“No.” I grinned. “*This* is suitable for you. You’re going to serve my guest drinks and food while coated in my cum. And then, while everyone’s distracted, drunk, and busy...” I paused for anticipation. “I’m going to bring you back upstairs and fuck you hard.”

“Oh, Master.” I swore my mother’s knees wobbled at my words. She took the ends of her apron and curtsied low, bowing her head too. “As you wish, my Master.”

Then she was gone, leaving me with a throbbing cock and a trail of her sweet, fruity perfume.

Twenty-four hours. I only have twenty hours to deprave my mother for everything she was good for. I was going to fuck her nonstop, then hope she doesn’t remember anything when the effect of the maid bar wears off.

But—

The warnings on the wrapper. It said that overdosing could cause...

Permanent changes.

If I could just get one more bar, and command her to eat it, she would be my maid forever.

I’d always have a servant close by. Mom was gorgeous. Amazing. She had the perfect body for breeding, and the unmatched beauty to back it up.

I'd make her quit her job to work as my personal maid. I didn't need to do chores anymore, but more importantly, I'd always have a fuck toy nearby at the ready. Blowjobs before breakfast, sex when the sun was high, clothes off movie nights.

The possibilities were endless.

I hopped into my red jumpsuit and put on my mask.

While Mom was entertaining the guest, I had one mission. I recalled beady eyes and ungroomed facial hair.

I just hope he had a second bar stocked up.

Because Halloween day for my mother was never going to end.